OUR CHILDRENS DAGE, MADE BY CHILDREN

In Reply to Requests For Club Rules

Dear Children of the Club:

soon be gone, and he must get work. But how?

It was with a surrowful heart that he went to bed that night.

Next morning he arose very early. It was Christmas, but he felt very little like it. When he went to the door there was an immense basket! Did his eyes deceive him? No, it was truly a basket. But what was inside? There was all necessary wearing apparel for his mother, sister and himself on top. Next came a doll for his sister. Oh! how she hugged it! A great big-sure snough turkey. Oh! how the two children danced in glee. His mother's thin, wan face smiled sadly. Oranges, nuts, candles and cakes were in the bottom. And best of all these was a letter from the woman whose child he saved, stating that she had gotten a job of work for him and telling him to call at the address given in the letter.

Oh! what a poyful Christmas was in that home. ELLA BRUSHWOOD.

"A GIRL'S JOY."

I'm glad I am a little girl,
And have the afternoons for play;
For if I were a busy be.
I spose I'd have to work all day,

And if I were a owl, I'd be Afraid to keep awake all night, and if I were an elephant, How could I learn to be polite?

And if I were a Jersey calf, I might forget my name and age; And if I were a little dog. I couldn't read the Children's Page.

My sakes, when I begin to count, It makes my head go all awhir!, Phere are so many reasons why I'm glad I am a little gir!. LILLIAN LAYNE

A Resolution, Original. A RESOLUTION Broken TIM FORGETT'S BIRTHDAY, -Jan. 1st TIM FORGETT: From now on NICONITE MARKET me now. RESOLUTION Jan. 2nd TIM FORGETT! TIM: - BY JOVE ! I forgot I had sworn-off. SMOKING Now what have a CIGAR. will my wife say when one she smalls MY If I just hadn't SWORN OFF! breath? Original: JULIAN T. BABER JULIANT. BABER

The Escape.

To Be Continued.

How long will Tim Keep his promise

ready.

The elephant holds his trunk in the helped him to the sidewalk, just in the his wounded him to the sidewalk, just in the his wounded the first the propose are around and this littre boy's mother asked him where he little wounded the the elephant crushes him with his foot. Ones not die when he is wounded the elephant crushes him with his foot. Ones not die when he is wounded the elephant crushes him with his foot. Ones not die when he is wounded the elephant crushes him with his foot. Ones not die when he is wounded the elephant crushes him with his foot. Ones not die when he is wounded the elephant crushes him with his foot. Ones not die when he is wounded the elephant crushes him with his foot. Ones not die when he is wounded the elephant crushes him with his foot. Ones not die when he is wounded the elephant crushes him with his foot. Ones not die when he is wounded the elephant crushes him with his foot. Ones not die when he is wounded the elephant crushes him with his foot. Ones not die when he is wounded the elephant crushes him with his foot. Ones not die when he is wounded the elephant crushes him with his foot. Ones not die when he is wounded the elephant crushes him with his foot. Ones not die when he is wounded the elephant was accred and turned away. Then the isper santa Claus comes. Before Santa Claus comes. Getre was dead at the part of pistols in his belt, so he took ones. It happened that he had a pair of pistols in his belt, so he took ones. It happened that he had a pair of pistols in his belt, so he took ones. The street cars all in vain; for his eyes will stick together the elephant way. Then the interest cars all in vain; for his eyes will stick together the elephant crushes him with his foot. The street cars all in vain; for his eyes will stick together was not entire the elephant crushes him whith his foot. The street cars all in vain; for his eyes will stick together the elephant crushes him whith his foot. The street cars all in vain; for his eyes will stick together was made sti

Mary's Dream.

Selected by ELIZABETH REID, No. 28 E. Canal Street, City.



Pocahontas, Va.

BASIC, NO. 4888,

Puzzle Department.

8. Oolh.
9. Exicom.
10. Elanm.
11. Jenorgg.
12. Jinnsacov.
13. Oaridly.

MARGARET JENKINS, 114 Thirty-fourth Street, Newport News Va.

Charade.

Charade.

My first is in pan, but not in can, My second is in hee, and size in ree. My third is in wand, but not in pend. My third is in wand, but not in pend. My fourth is in rough, and also in tough. My fifth is in same, and also in tame. My sixth is in tea, but not in he. My seventh is in laugh, and also in calf. My eighth is in ran, and also in man. My whole is a well-known Indian chief. My first is in new, but not in mew. My first is in new, but not in mew. My second is in eat, also in seat. My third is in wheat, but not in sleat. My fourth is in you, but not in two. My fifth is in ear, also in pear. My seventh is in rut, but not in spear. My seventh is in rut, but not in spear. My whole is a day in January. Selected by CELIA WHITEHURST, Aged nine years old. Chester, Vs.

Chester, Va.

ANSWERS.

Answers to jumbled names of counties:

1. Augusta: 2. Nelson. 3. Rockbridgs. 1.
Partick. 5. Henry. 6. Page. 7. Culpenge. 10.
Louisa. 5. Orange. 10. Henrico. 1.
Dinwiddie. 12. King William. 13. Richmond. 14. Princess Anno. 15. Westmortand.

GRAY SCHWEICKERT.

Answer to a Poet Charade: Whittler.
Sent by JEFFREY JAMES ROBERTSON, JR. Tally, Va.

THE BATH.

During the War Between the States a party of Confederate soldiers left their camp to go bathing in the Polumac, which was not far away. After they had gotten there they pulled on their clothes and jumped into the water. While they were enjoying themselves a party of Federal troops appeared on the bank of the river. These troops laughed at the Confederate, and also shot at them, but they got off with only a few wounds.

SAMUEL LEE ROBERTSON.

Talley, Va.
P. S.—This story is true.

SANTA CLAUS'S BAG.

Two little children in robes of white, Four dimpled feet down the stairs by night; Four bright eyes up the wide chimney look, See stocking hang from big iron hook. Flump little finger points straight before:
"Now, Maggie, say, s'pose he's 'hind the
door?
Guess you'll run? Oh! I'll tell you what,
Mag,
Old Santa Claus has left us his bag!"
Selected by IDA K. REID,

My Pet Pony.

into a cart and hauled to a nearby
newspaper store and picked up by a
newsboy to be delivered to some home.
About an hour afterward I found
myself separated from the other pages
and in the midst of several children.

There was the nicest thing of all—a little chocolate mouse!

They were reading me carefully and hunting for different pieces. Later I learned that they were my club members and took great interest in it.

The father and mother were interested in other parts of the paper, and I romained with the children a day or so, when I passed to a neighbor who took as much interest in me as my first masters.

This family soon had company and when leaving I helped to wrap up their lunch, and when they ate this, they there we out the car window, and there I lay in the dust and loneliness of the country road, until some little country children passed and picked me up, and having never seen anything like me before, they read me over, and were so pleased with me that they

There was the nicest thing of all—a little chocolate mouse!

There was the nicest thing of all—a little chocolate mouse!

Now Fuzzy came and Billy came to see our Christmas tree,
Say as he could be,
S

wrote to the editor for information concerning the club, and soon they Letters From

were leading members.

I am now away up in the garret
packed away with their old story-books, waiting patiently for them to take me out of this lonesome situation.

Written and composed by
NORA T. LEARY.

811 Bart Street, Portsmouth, Va.

And it was hung upon the tree with

And it was nung upon the tree with pretty ribbon blue.

And on the very highest top, as high as Dolly's house,

There was the nicest thing of all—a little chocolate mouse!

Are you a memberiof the J. D. C. C. S.

Our Children

not be swallowed up by Mr. Waste Basket
I hope you had a merry Christmas and will spend a very happy New Year. Your new
member, DOROTHY GARY.
No. 129 Thirty-third, Street, Newport
News, Va.

Pear Editor.—I am a little girl only eight years old, and in the third grade B. but I expect to be promoted in February. I'm very much interested in the T. D. C. Club, and wish to loin, so plesse send me a button to show that I'm a member, and after that I will write you a Christmas letter. Hoping that all little children may get their stockings full, I'm your friend, ALICE MAY LYNE.

No. 813 Twenty-sixth Street, Newport News, Va.

News, Va.

Dear Editor.—I write to thank you for the badge which I have just received. Did you have a pleasant Christimas? I had a very delightful time, and I dread going back to school. I am in the first year High School, and have to study hard. I inclose a drawing, which I hope will escape the waste basket, as my other one did not. I will remain always, your true member, KATHLEIN SPARROW.

Martinsville, Va. Martinsville, Va.

Martinsville, Va.

Dear Editor,—I will now write you a letter, thanking you for that beautiful badge you sent me. I think they are real pretty. I hope that you had a nice Christmas and received a lot of presents. Our holidays will soon be over and I will be very giad, because I love to go to school. Inclosed is a story that I wrote, and if you find it good enough, please publish it in your paper. I will have to close. Wishing the club great success, I remain your sincers member.

LILLIE H. TYLER.

No. 709 Stuart Street, Staunton, Va.

Dear Editor,—inclosed find an original drawing, entitled "Resolutions," which I liope is not too large for publication on the T.D. C. C. page. In a day or two I'll send you another one for the next week, showing how well Tim Fargett kept hie promise. The words and drawings are entirely original. Yours respectfully.

Pocahontas, Vs.

Pocaliontas, Va. P S-Did you receive the water coler